

The FOOL-KILLER

VOL. I.

MORAVIAN FALLS, NORTH CAROLINA, JUNE, 1910.

NO. 5.

THE NAME IS A HIT.

Yes, indeed, boys, we are on the right track. The name of a paper has a good deal to do with its success, and I have certainly "struck it rich" in selecting a name. "The Fool-Killer" sounds catchy and cute, and people naturally expect something rich in a paper with such a name. They have all heard of a traditional gentleman of that name who is said to be always behind with his work, but they never expected to see The Fool-Killer blossom out in the shape of a newspaper. And so the name arouses the reader's curiosity, tickles his fancy, and gets him in a good humor to start with. Then the rest is easy. He reads and laughs and wants more. He reads it to all his friends, and they also laugh and want more. Then they make up a club right on the spot and send it in. And that is the reason The Fool-Killer's fame is spreading so rapidly. It has a good name and tries to live up to it.

This is not a local paper, and, strictly speaking, it is not a newspaper. It is a monthly journal of Denunciation and Hard Hits. It is the voice of one crying in the wilderness—crying out against the sins and shams of Society, Church and State. Its mission is to strip the veil of deception from off the face of things and let you see them as they are.

I know The Fool-Killer has tackled a big job—one that cannot be finished this side of Eternity—but I am going to stay with it till the cows come home.

Come on, boys, and enjoy the fun with me. When The Fool-Killer gets to be the most famous paper in the country you will be proud of the fact that you were associated with it from the start.

All aboard! Honk! Honk!

THE NORTH POLE.

And, after all, what is the North Pole that men should lay their lives and fortunes at its feet? Only a geographical name. Only a mathematical point so many de-drees to the haw side of gee.

Scientific men and others agreed that there must be a North Pole, and we knew pretty well where it was located. We had it down on the map, and that ought to have been enough. If we knew the

FIVE DOLLARS IN GOLD Given Away!

To the person who sends in the largest number of subscribers to THE FOOL-KILLER at the special club rate of Fifteen Cents a year on or before July 1st, 1910, I will give, absolutely free, a Five Dollar Gold Piece.

It is no trouble to get subscribers to THE FOOL-KILLER, and you can earn this valuable premium in a few minutes. One club-raiser got 55 subscribers in less than an hour. You can do as well. Five Dollar Gold Pieces do not grow on the bushes, but you now have a chance to get one for just a few minutes' work. Somebody will actually get this Five Dollars in Gold. Will it be YOU?

In order to compete for this prize, subscriptions must be mailed to this office not later than July 1st. The prize will be sent by registered mail at once, and the name of the prize-winner will be announced in the July number.

If, for any reason, you cannot work for this prize yourself, I ask you, as a special favor, to please show this offer to some friend who would like to work for it. Address:

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON, MORAVIAN FALLS, N. C.

earth had an axle-tree we must have known where the hub was. And that brings out a new thought. Maybe they were searching for it to see if the axle needed greasing. And yet in all the polar expeditions I have read about I have not seen it stated that they took along a box of axle-grease or a bucket of tar.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

The biggest fool in the world may know some particular thing better than anyone else, and in that he is wise. If he makes good in that line, what he don't know about other things makes no difference. He gets the glad hand and life is all to the merry.

Your paragon of wisdom may have his weak spot, and right there he may fall down. If he devotes his life to one thing and fails, what he might have accomplished in some other line don't count. He is a fool. That's what the world says, and the world thinks it knows. Yet the world may be a fool.

The comet would have attracted more attention if Roosevelt had not been occupying the center of the stage.

A big man can draw a crowd just by advertising himself, but a little man must have a subject.

SNUFF-DIPPING GIRLS.

Look here, you little old ignorant, backwoodsy, snuff-dipping goslings, I'm talking to you now. I know how you slip out behind the house and smear your mouths with that infernal old nasty stuff. Gee whizz! You must have a dog's stomach. A snuff-dipper's mouth reminds me of the back door of a tanyard. If you have seen other fool girls swabbing their tattle-traps with a solution of snuff and slobber, I can't imagine what you saw about it worthy of imitation. The habit is so nasty and repulsive that any decent girl ought to be ashamed of it, and no respectable young man wants a sweetheart with a bale of snuff caked in each corner of her mouth.

You wouldn't dare let your mammy catch you dipping snuff, and you are fools enough to think she will never know. But that's where you are mistaken. Any mammy with sense enough to grabble 'taters or feed the pig will not be long about catching up with you; and when she does find it out, if she is the mammy she ought to be, she will remove everything but your hide and then get a peach-tree limb and proceed to remove about half of that.

The trouble about the honey-bee is that he doesn't carry honey at both ends.

WRITE ME A LETTER.

Hello there, friends! I want to ask a little favor of you. You and I are partners in the Fool-Killer business. I am here at this end of the line with my coat off and my sleeves rolled up. I am writing and printing the immortal hot truck that will kill the fools and paralyze the rascals and hypocrites. I know you are in sympathy with what I am doing and it will help some if you will write and tell me so.

Therefore I ask you to write me a letter. Show this copy of The Fool-Killer to all your friends and get them to subscribe if you can. Then when you write you can send in a big club. But if you can't send any subscriptions just now, write me a letter anyhow. Speak a good word for the paper—something that will encourage me and interest the other fellow. If you know of any fools that I have overlooked, call my attention to them and I will pour a bucket of melted language down their necks.

These words are addressed to every person whose name is now on my subscription list. I want a personal letter from every one of you. Just sit down and talk to me the same as if you were here in my office. I will answer you through the paper, and we will have the jolliest time you ever saw writing to each other.

Don't forget to show The Fool-Killer to everybody you see and take their subscriptions. But whatever you do—write me a letter. Do it now!

JOLTS.

Backbone is better than wish-bone.

Human happiness cannot be preserved in alcohol.

The highest price you can pay for some things is to get them for nothing.

The people of olden times believed that the world was square. Perhaps it was in those days.

The reason some people have such a little mind is because they are always giving other people a piece of it.

They say Roosevelt is threatened with incipient bronchitis. Land sakes! Incipient bronchitis must be a plum fool to tackle Teddy.